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FAMILIAR EPISTLE

To the RIGHT HONOURABLE

Sir ROBERT WALPOLE;

CONCERNING

Poets, Poverty, Promises, Places, &c.

To which are added,

CONGRATULATORY VERSES

UPON

His taking Possession, as First Commissioner of the TREASURY, of the New House adjacent thereto in St. James's Park, in September 1735,

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BY MR. MITCHELL. K

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*Seria mixta Jocis.*

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L O N D O N :

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His taking Possession, as first Commissioner of the Treasury, of the New House adjacent thereto in St. James's Park, in September 1735.

By MR. MITCHELL

Scilicet inquit Jovis



(Price six-pence)



## FAMILIAR EPISTLE, &c.



HERE I, Sir ROBERT, in your Station,  
Great Guardian of the *British* Nation!  
Rather than be, by POETS, teaz'd,  
I'd give them Places to be pleas'd.  
--- Not that the Fellows, one and all,  
Deserve in Fortune's Lap to fall;  
For few have either Wit or Grace,  
Like STEPHEN DUCK, to merit Place!  
But, being full of great Affairs,  
I'd give them all a Kick up Stairs,  
*Se Defendendo* --- on Condition,  
They'd promise never to petition,  
Nor haunt my Levees, crowd my Door,  
Nor plague my busy Servants more.



BUT You, perhaps, *SIR*, think 'it State,  
To make Dependent Wretches wait ----

Or like to see them rather follow  
Your Honour, than their God *APOLLO* ----

Or hope, by keeping them so low,

They may much better Poets grow,

(For Poverty's Invention's Mother) ----

Or, for some secret Cause or other,

You choose to promise very fair,

And feast them all alike on Air ----

Or, judging well 'twixt Rhimes and Rhimes,

Come down to one or more sometimes ;

Now tipping Yellows, Then a Bill,

As suits Occasion and your Will.

HOWE'ER with other Bards you deal,  
Whether you favour them, or fail,  
Excepted from the common Way,  
Be your old Servant MITCHELL, pray.  
Him you know well to be a Poet,  
Who wants but CIBBER'S Sack to show it.



Verse may indeed with Water flow,  
 But *Money makes the Mare to go.*  
 If I, without it, write so well;  
 I, doubtless, with it, might excel.  
 Want whets the Wit --- but Wit, unblest  
 By Wealth, makes Beggars at the best:  
 And, when in helpless Plight 'tis laid,  
 'Twill hardly rise by Virtue's Aid;  
 For Want has an Attendant, *Scorn,*  
 Which never yet by Wit was born.  
 To be by Penury surrounded,  
 Makes Wit and Wisdom both confounded.  
 And who, disorder'd in his Brains,  
 Can write sound Sense in tuneful Strains?  
 Your Honour, sure, in crazy Lays,  
 Wou'd hardly relish your own Praise.  
 Then, as you'd e'er be sung aright,  
 Be lib'ral, my most noble Knight.

METHINKS, I see you shake your Head,  
 Saying, " Wou'd this same Dog were dead!

" He

" He duns me more than all the rest ----  
 Good Reason: Am I not the best?  
 Say, is there one, if e'er so willing,  
 Can better rhyme without a Shilling?  
 Your Praises who has better sung?  
 ---- Pardon is begg'd of *Messieurs* YOUNG,  
 TIBBALD and WELSTED, FIELDING, FROWDE,  
 And fifty more who round you crowd.

" BUT you're a vain conceited Elf;  
 " And, when you praise, but praise your self.  
 I grant there is some Truth in That,  
 The Truth of telling what is what:  
 How can your Honour know my Worth,  
 Unless I set it fairly forth?  
 And is there one beneath the Sky,  
 That knows and likes it more than I?  
 Who wou'd, without Conceit of Wit,  
 To human Misery submit?  
 It ministers a kind Relief,  
 Amid Misfortunes, Pain, and Grief.



The Saying is old, and, sure, most true 'tis;

*All to themselves are Wits or Beauties!*

This Comfort Nature in our Cup

Hath thrown, to keep our Spirits up.

BUT you, SIR, have been sung by me  
From Seventeen Hundred Twenty Three,

Down to this Day, in various Strain,

At great Expence of Time and Brain.

Yet, tho' at fundry Times befriended,

No Steps of Honour I've ascended;

Nor find my Circumstances mended!

" Not that 'tis Scandal or Asperion

" Upon a great and noble Person,

" (Says HUDIBRAS) to keep his Word,

" A Thing so nat'rally abhorr'd;

" Tho' 'tis Perfidioufness and Shame

" In meaner Men to do the same:

" For, to be able to forget

" Is found more useful to the Great,

" Than Gout, or Deafness, or bad Eyes,

" To make 'em pass for wond'rous wife.

Now



Now, shou'd it please the LORD to move  
 Your Honour to the World above—  
 Or, shou'd the King (which GOD forbid)  
 Serve You, as ANNE great MARLB'ROUGH did,  
 Before my humble Suit you grant,  
 Who wou'd preserve your BARD from Want?  
 What kind MECENAS then wou'd give  
 Your HORACE wherewithal to live?

FROWNING again, you'll say, " Let's see  
 " You've had Five Hundred Pounds of me.  
 " What! spent it all? 'Tis not in Nature,  
 " To satisfy this careless Creature.  
 Yes, SIR, it is! I straight rejoin;  
 For were I sure of half the Coin;  
 Which (taking one Year with another)  
 I've had, no more I'd make such pother;  
 But, as the Cloth is, cut my Coat,  
 Rest well contented with my Lot,  
 And live and die a Christian Scot.

Now  
 THEN

" THEN nought will do (You make Reply)  
 " Without some certain Salary,  
 " Some honest, snug, Life-lasting Place —  
 Ay, now, *SIR*, You have hit the Case;  
 And, if you'd please to do the Thing,  
*Paulo Majora* how I'd sing!  
 Now, sure, the Thing, if You are willing,  
 May soon be done, when Posts are filling  
 In *WALE S*'s Household; where 'tis fit  
 There shou'd, at least, be one true Wit,  
 Who laughing at each Blockhead's Folly,  
 May from his Court keep Melancholy.  
 Nor wou'd your Poet be more vain,  
 To shine in his illustrious Train,  
 Than wou'd His Highness, without doubt,  
 Be angry, shou'd you leave me out.  
 " IMPUDENT Dog, you'll call me next;  
 " Yet inly wish I were well fixt;  
 " And bid me name a Place that's fit  
 " For one of my peculiar Wit.  
 " In general thus to ask, You say,  
 " Is doing nothing". — Then, *SIR*, pray



Grant my particular Request,  
 Nor think I ask the Thing in jest:  
 Make me His Highness's *Wine-bibber*—  
 The KING's is drank by COLLY CIBBER;  
 And SAVAGE, enter'd *Volunteer*,  
 Gets Money of the QUEEN each Year,  
 To buy a Coat and Belly-cheer.  
 Or, if you think I merit better,  
 Grant a commendatory Letter,  
 To make me, tho' the Thing's uncommon,  
 The Prince's *Necessary Woman*.

METHINKS, I see You change your Look,  
 And put my Name in Pocket-Books  
 Auspicious Smiles upon your Face,  
 Assure me I shall have a *Place*.  
 Already I begin to strut,  
 And at the Court a Figure cut,  
 Hark! what's That the *Yeomen* say?  
 " You there, stand by, and clear the Way.  
 And, as I stately pass along,  
 Folks whisper, " That's the Soul of Song!

" Immortal



" Immortal MITCHELL, WALPOLE's Poet!

" Whose Equal *Europe* cannot show yet!

## P O S T S C R I P T.

C R I T I C K S will say, that I, when mellow,

Wrote this; or call me faucy Fellow,

For daring, at so free a Rate,

T' address a Personage so great;

Forgetful that such Souls excuse

The finless Sallies of the Muse;

And ignorant quite of what hath past,

Between us Two, from first to last.

B U T if, with unaffected Ease,

Wit, Humour, Spirit, I can please

A Taste, so far superior; pray,

What care I what the Criticks say?

Dogs bark, Swine grunt, and Asses bray.

Yet to your self, submissive, I

For gen'rous Pardon, *SIR*, apply;

Nor doubt Success, since what I do

Is but old Custom to renew.

When Gods or Fortune prov'd unkind,  
 And nought but Mis'ry Men could find,  
 To *Oracles*, in Verse, they went,  
 Their Case with Fear to represent;  
 And, trembling, begg'd the End to know  
 Of all their Wretchedness and Woe.  
 To You, my *Oracle*, I fly;  
 From You expect my Destiny:  
 Pronounce it: I attend to hear it:  
 Who writes so free can hardly fear it.





CONGRATULATORY VERSES

To the RIGHT HONOURABLE

Sir ROBERT WALPOLE;

UPON

His taking Possession, as First Commissioner of the TREASURY, of the New House adjacent thereto in St. James's Park, in September 1735.



FIRST noble Master of this honour'd Dome!  
Fit Pattern to Lords *Treasurers* to come!  
With joyous Acclamations, and in Peace,  
Enter, and may your Happiness increase:  
Long live its worthy Owner, Lord, and Guest,  
Of ev'ry needful Quality possess,  
Greatest in Pow'r, in doing Good the Best.

WISELY hath GEORGE, O Fav'rite Son of Heaven,  
To You this well-plac'd Habitation giv'n;

To



# 14 CONGRATULATORY VERSES

To You, who, equal to your weighty Trust,

To King and People will alike be just,

Prerogative and Privilege maintain,

Nor make the Publick Loss a private Gain.

Safe in his Hands a Nation's Treasure lies,

Who knows its Wants, and best can raise Supplies ;

And, undefiring, guards the charming Prize.

So, round the Tree, that bore *Hesperian* Gold,

The sacred Watch lay curl'd in many a Fold :

His Eyes uprearing to th' untasted Prey,

The sleepless Guardian wasted Life away.

HAPPY BRITANNIA, cou'dst thou know thy State,

Conducted by a *Minister* so great ;

Who, spite of Faction, burns with honest Zeal,

And toils unwearied for the Common-weal ;

Plots, Menaces, and Madness dares defy,

Thy Int'rest ever chiefly in his Eye ;

And, conscious of Integrity serene,

Shuns no fair Trial, and desires no Skreen.

No more thy Care to watch o'er *Europe's* Fate,

And hold in Balance ev'ry jarring State !

No firmer Heav'n on ATLAS' Shoulder stands,  
Than safe thy Treasure in a WALPOLE's Hands!

To such a Patriot-Minister may press  
All sorts of Subjects, certain of Access.  
No Lordly Pride, Austerity, Grimace,  
Or studied State appears upon his Face;  
Open, yet serious; tho' majestick, plain;  
Reserv'd with Ease, and pleasant without Pain!  
Whom do his Words invite in vain to come,  
Or from his Levee send despairing home?

PROMISCUOUS round Him swarm, like busy Bees,  
All sorts of Suppliants, Men of all Degrees,  
From Peer to Peasant, whispering in his Ear;  
Whom does he scorn, or whom refuse to hear?  
To each, Attention affable he lends,  
And welcomes all, as honest Men and Friends.  
Whoe'er provoke a Wrinkle or a Frown,  
May blame themselves,---the Fault is, sure, their own:  
Merit in Rags, to Him, is Merit still;  
But who, for All, can do whate'er he will?



# 16 CONGRATULATORY VERSES, &c.

Q GREATLY good, with Honour greatly crown'd,  
 Whose Name in latest Times shall shine renown'd:  
 Here keep Possession; here your Friends receive;  
 And long, for lov'd BRITANNIA'S Welfare, live.  
 What, tho' a grumbling, disappointed Crowd,  
 Like Sea-surrounding Billows, rage aloud  
 Fix'd, as the *Ile* amid the foaming Deep,  
 Your envied Place, and easy Temper keep.  
 Long, amid Storms and Hurricanes of State,  
 You've stood our Pilot, and maintain'd your Seat:  
 Should more arise, your Management we trust;  
 To doubt it, were ungrateful and unjust.  
 You have been try'd: but oft the worst Abuse  
 Changes of Hands in Government produce.  
 The ticklish Seat ascend new Charioteers,  
 And quite o'erturn it by their loose Careers.  
 From PHEBUS self, the World no hazard ran;  
 But cou'd not bear one Day his vent'rous Son:  
 He thro' new Ways the flaming Chariot drove,  
 And all was Fear below, and all was Fire above.

11. 7. 49

F I N I S.